

SELECT
Musical Ayres
AND
DIALOGUES,
In Three BOOKES.

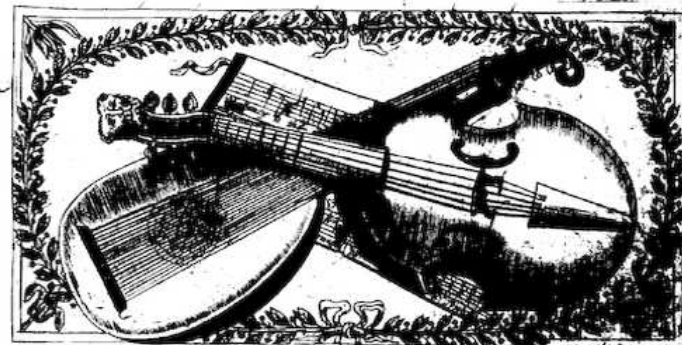
First Book, contains *AYRES* for a Voyce alone to the
Theorbo, or Bass Violl.

Second Book, contains Choice *DIALOGUES* for two Voyces to the
Theorbo or Bass Violl.

Third Book, contains short *AYRES* or *SONGS* for three Voyces,
so Compos'd, as they may either be sung by a Voyce alone,
to an Instrument, or by two or three Voyces.

Compos'd by these severall Excellent Masters in Musick, *viz.*

Dr. John Wilson,	Mr. Nicholas Lanneare,
Dr. Charles Colman,	Mr. William Smegergil
Mr. Henry Lawes,	alias Cesar,
Mr. William Lawes,	Mr. Edward Colman,
Mr. William Webb.	Mr. Jeremy Savile. x

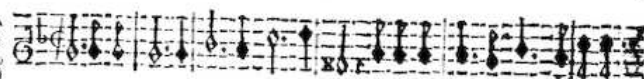


LONDON,

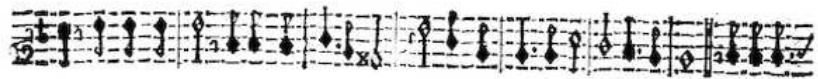
Printed by T. H. for John Playford, and are to be sold at his Shop, in the Inner
Temple, neare the Church doore. 1653.

x also . Mr Charles
Mr John Taylor
Mr Tho. Brewer
Mr Warner
Mr Willm Tompkins .

Select Ayres to sing to the Theorbo or Basse Violl.



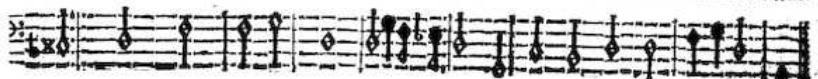
The hermit poor in pensive place obscure, I mean to spend my days of endless



doubt, to wail such woes as time cannot recture, where none but love shall ever find me out. And at my



gates, and at my gates despair shall linger still, to let in death, to let in death when love and fortune will.



Mr. Nich Langens

A Gown of gray my body shall attire,
My staffe of broken hope whereon I'll stay,
Of late repentance linkt with long desire,
The Couch is frond'd whereon my limbs I lay.
And at my gates, &c.

My food shall be of care and sorrow made,
My drink brought else but tears from mine eyes,
And for my light in this obscure shade,
The flame may serve, which from my heart arise.
And at my gates,

N Either sighs, nor tears, nor mourning, protestations, imprecations, moves not her,

nor quench my burning, she so frigid, & so ridged, that my love procures but scorning, that my love pro

cures but scorning.

When I follow her she flies me,
Swiftly running
With more cunning
Then the Hare or Bird that spies me,
Still disdain
My complaining,
And to heare my grieffe denies me.

Say alone, must it be so then?
Shall the glory in my story,
In my story,
And I unrevenged go then?
Prithee Cupid
Be not stupid,
Send in my defence thy Bow then.

Mr. Nich. Lanear.

T Hou art not faire for all thy red & white, for all those rosie ornaments in thee.
Hou art not sweet nor made of meer delight, nor faire, nor sweet unless thou pity mee.

I wil not, smooth thy fancy, thou shalt prove that beauty is no beauty without love, no

Yet love not me, nor seeke thou to allure
My thoughts with beauty, were it now divine;
Thy smiles and kisses I cannot indure,
I'll not be wrapt up in these armes of thine.

Mr. Nich. Lanear.

Now shew it if thou be a woman right,
Embrace, and kisse, and love me in despite,

Why shouldst thou sweare I am forsworn, since thine I vow'd to be, Lady is

is already mourn, it was last night: I swore to thee, this fond impossi-bi-li-ty.

Mr. Charlet.

Have I not lov'd thee much and long,
A tedious twelve houres space,
I should all other Beauties wrong,
And rob thee of a new embrace,
Should I still dote upon thy face.

Not that all Joyes in thy browne haire
By others may be found:
But I will search the black, the faire,
Like skilfull Mineralists that found
For treasures in unplow'd ground.

Then if when I have lov'd thee round,
Thou prove the pleasant thee,
In spoyle of meaner Beauties' crown'd,
I laden will return to thee,
Ev'n fated with variety.

With no more thou shouldst love me, my joys are full in loving thee;

my heart's too narrow to containe, my blisse if thou shouldst love me a-gaine.

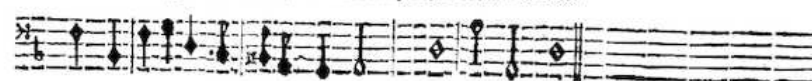
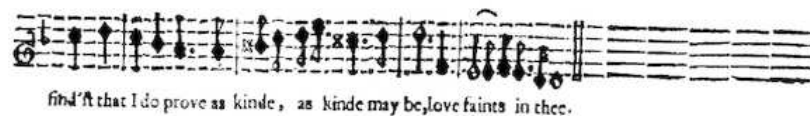
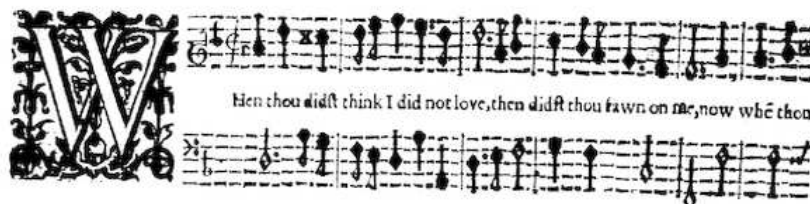
Mr. Warner.

Thy scorn may wound me, but my face
Leads me to love, and thee to hate;
Yet I must love while I have breath,
For not to love were worse then death.

Then shall I sue for scorn or grace,
A lingering life, or death I chuse;
Since one of these I needs must try,
Love me but once, and let me dye.

Such mercy more thy fame shall raise,
Then cruell life can yield thee praise;
It shall be counted who so dies,
No murder, but a sacrifice.

B 2

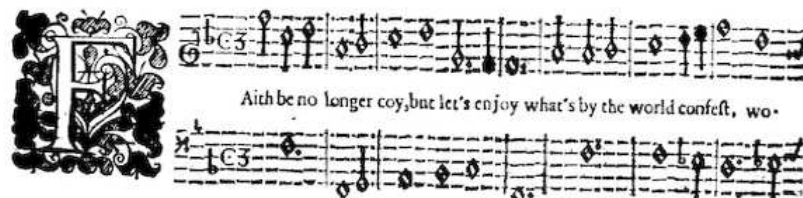


What way to fix the Mercury of thy ill fixt mind,
Me thinks it were good policy for me to turn unkind,
to make thee kind.

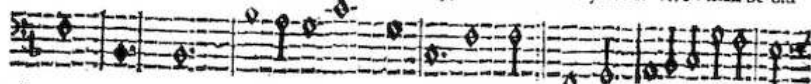
And though I might my selfe excuse with imitating thee,
Yet will I no example use that may betray in mee
lightness to be.

Nor will I yet good nature stain to buy at so great cost,
She which before I did obtain, I make account almost
my labour lost.

But since I gave thee once my heart my constancy shall show,
That though thou play the wondrous part & from a friend turn foe,
men do not see.



-men love best: thy beau-ty fresh as May, wil soon decay, besides with in a yeare or two I shall be old



Mr. William Lawes.



and cannot doe

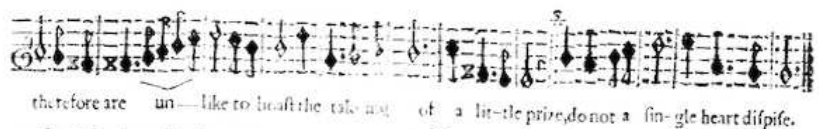


Do't think that nature can
For every man,
Had she more skill, provide
So faire a Bride:

Who ever had a Feast
For a single Guest?
No, without she did intend
To serve the husband and his friend.

To be a little nice
Sets better price
On Virgins, and improves
Their servants loves,

But on the riper yeares
It ill appears:
After a while you'll find this true,
I need provoking more then you.



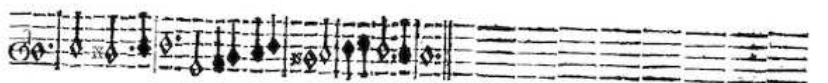
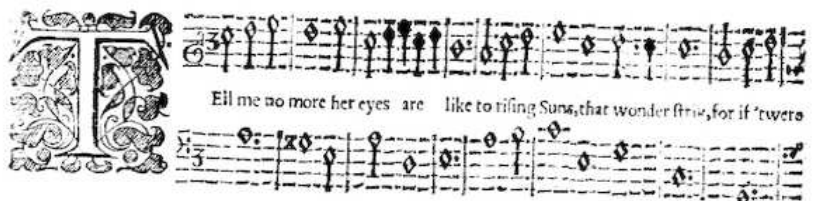
Mr. William Webb.

I came alone, but yet so arm'd
With former love, I durst have sworne
That as that privy coat was worne,
With characters of beauty charm'd,
Therby I might have escap'd unharm'd.

But neither Steele, nor stony brasse
Are proofes against those looks of thine,
Nor can a Beauty lesse divine,
By any heart be long possesst,
Where you intend an interest.

The Conquest in regard of me,
Alas is small, but in respect
Of her that did my Love protest,
Where it divu'd, deserv'd to be
Recorded for a Victorie.

And such a one, as chance to view
Her lovely face, perhaps may stay,
Though you have stole my heart away;
If all your servants prove not true,
May steale a heart or two from you.



so, how could it be, they could be thus eclips'd to me?

Mr. William Lawes.

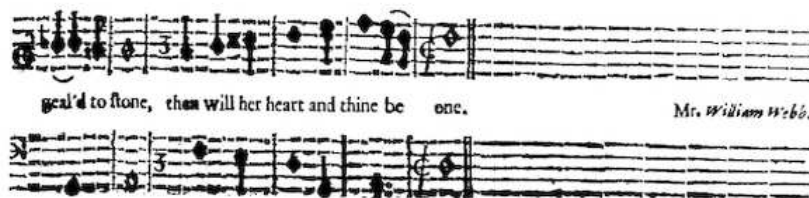
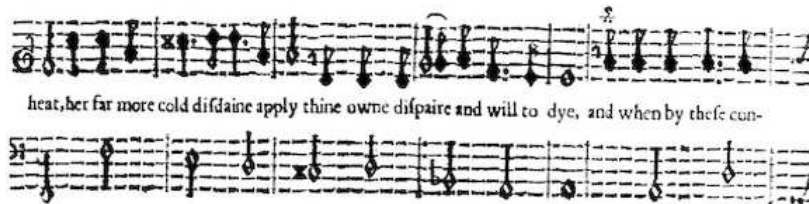
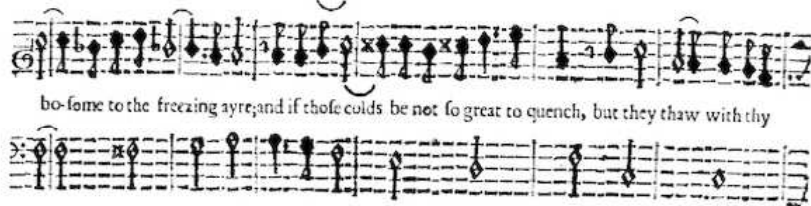
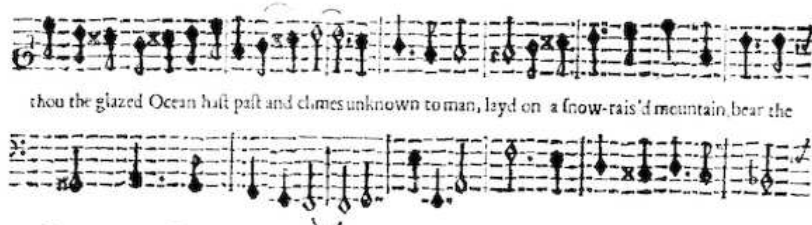
Tell me no more her beils do ring
Like rising Hils, or melting Snow;
For if 'twere so, how could they lye
So near the Sun-shine of her eye?

No, for her eyes Portend me
Of suns, or long blazing flares,
Else would I feele from that faire fire
Some heat to cheate my desire.

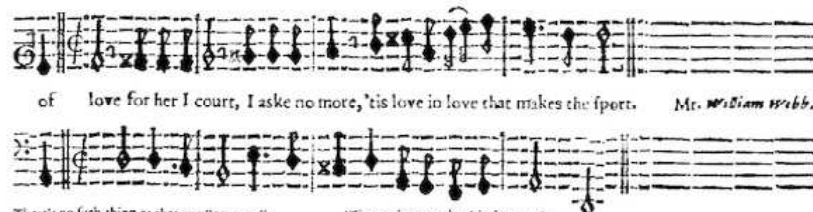
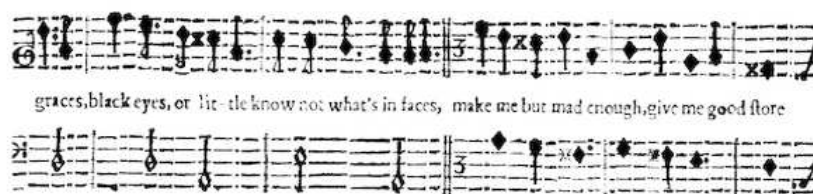
Say that her beils, though cold as Snow,
Are hard as Marble, when I wooe,
Else they would soften and relent
With light in flames, from me sent.

Say that although like to the Moone,
She heavenly faire, yet chang'd as soone;
Else she would continue once remaine,
Either to pry, or disdaine.

That so by one of them I might
Be kept alive, or rather squyre;
For 'tis no lesse cruel here to kill,
Where life doth but increase the ill.



Mr. William Webb.

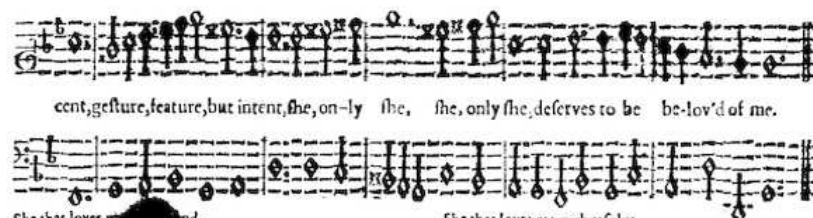
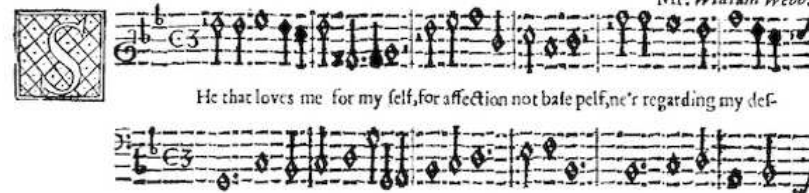


Mr. William Webb.

There's no such thing as that, we Beauty call,
It is meer courage all;
For though some long ago
I, & certain colours mingled to and fro,
That doth now tie me now from chusing new,
If I a fancy take
Too black and blew,
That fancy doth it Beauty make.

'Tis not she me, but 'tis the appetite
Makes eating a delight,
And if I like one dish
More then another, that a Phisicant is:
What in our Murther, may in us be found,
So to the height, and nick
We up be bound,
No matter by what hand or trick.

Mr. William Webb.



She that loves me with a friend,
But because I am a friend;
Never doubting my desire,
But believ'd it sacred fire:
She, only she, deserves to be be-lov'd of me,

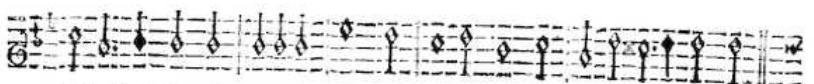
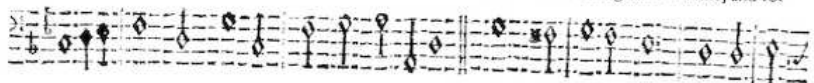
She that loves me with resolve
Ne're to alter till dissolve;
Slighting all things, that faine fate
May hereafter seem to threaten:
She, only she, deserves to be be-lov'd of me.



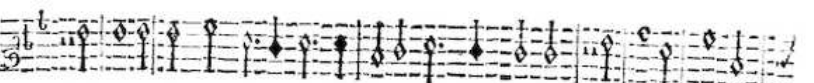
Bout the sweet Bag of a Bee, two Cupids fillt with rods, and whose the



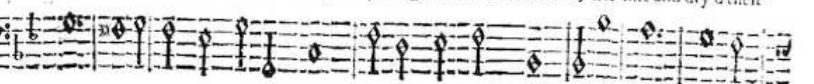
pritty prize should bee, they vow'd to aske the Gods: which *Faint* hearing, thither came, and for



their boldnets stript them, and taking thence from each his flame, with rods of mirtle whipt them:



which done to still their wanton cries, & quiet grown sh'ad seen them, she kist and dry'd their



dove-like eyes, and gave the bag between them.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



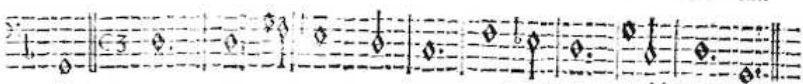
On I see, all things that if you mourning Love hath no shafts to shoot, no more



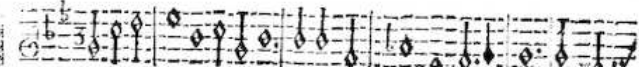
brands burning: He in as my pains shal you from pains to liver, for in my breast he's emptied all his



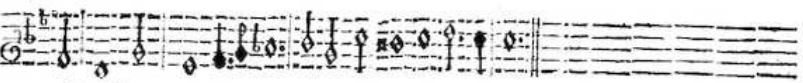
Quiver. Had not but so did he would have known, he's left a thousand servants to kill one.



Mr. Henry Lawes.



Lover once I did espy, with bleeding heart & weeping eye, he wept



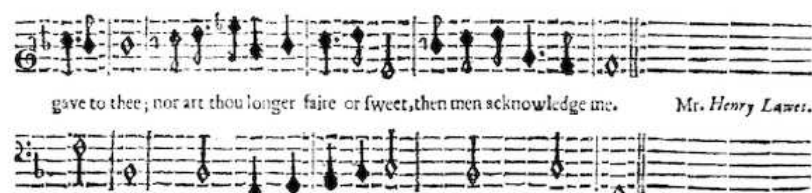
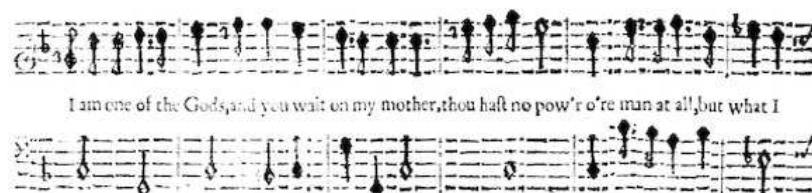
and cry'd, how great's his pain, that lives in love, & loves in vain.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



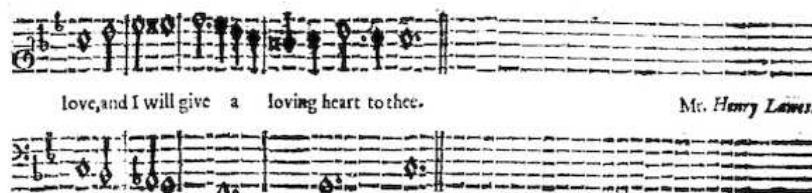
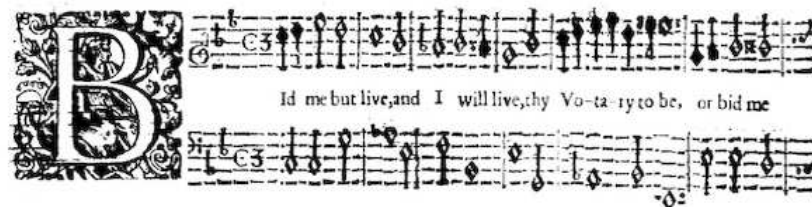
Can there (sayes he) no Cure be found,
But by the hand that gave the wound?
Then let me dye, which I'll endure,
Since she wants Charity to cure.

Yet let her one day feele the pain,
To with she had cur'd and with in vain;
For wither'd cheeks may chance recover
Some sparks of love, but not a Lover.



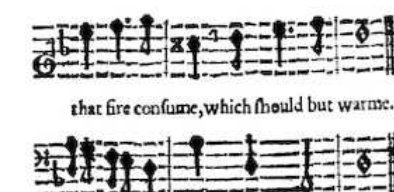
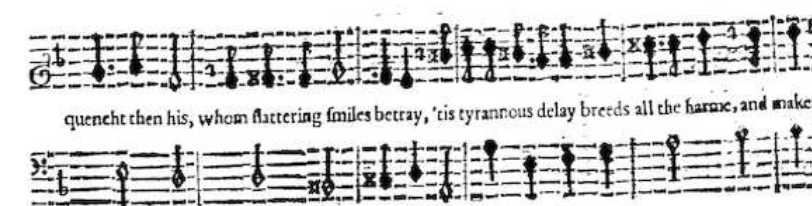
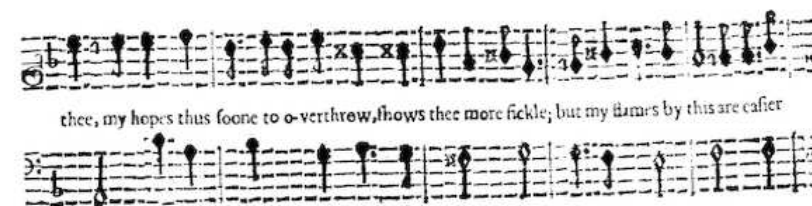
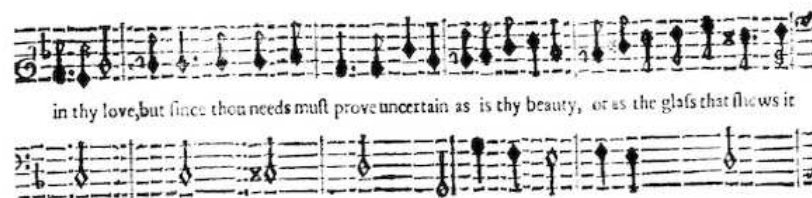
Away find be, then Beauty sayd,
We see that thou art blind,
But we have knowing eyes, and can
My graces better find:
'Twas I begot thee, Mortals know,
And e' I'd thee blind o'f fire:
I made thy Arrows, and thy Bow,
And wings to kindle fire.

Love here in anger flew away,
And brought to Vulcan prayd
That he would tip his shafts with fowr,
To punish this proud Mayd:
So Beauty ever since hath bin
But counted for an houre,
To love a day is now a sin
Gainst Cupid and his power.

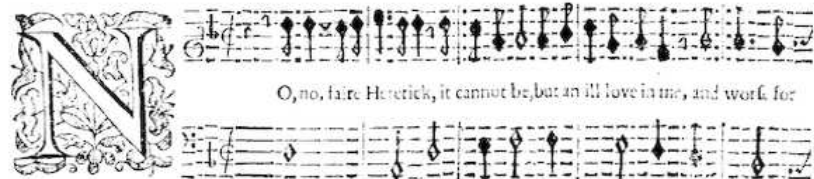


A heart as cold, a heart as kind, a heart as soundly free
As in the world thou canst not find, that heart I'll give to thee.
Bid that heart fly, and it shall stay, and honour thy decree,
Or bid it languish quite away, and it shall do't for thee.

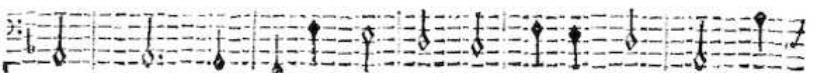
Bid me to weep, and I will weep, while I have eyes to see,
Or having none, yet I will keep a heart to weep for thee.
Thou art my love, my life, my heart, the very eye of mine,
And hast command of every part, to live and dye for thee.



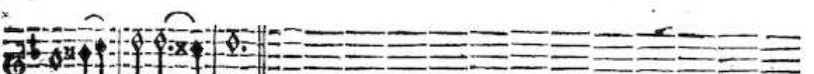
Till time deſtroy thoſe bloſſomes of thy youth,
Thou art our Idoll worſhip, at that rate,
But who can tell thy fate?
And ſay that when this Beauties done,
This Lovers Torch ſhall ſtill burn on;
I could have ſerv'd thee with ſuch truth
Devouteſt Pilgrims to their Saints do ſhow,
Deſerted long ago;
And at this ebbing tyde,
Have us'd thee as a Bride
Who's only true
Whilst you are fair, he loves himſelf, not you;



thee; for were it in my pow'r to love thee now this houre, more then I did the last, I would thin



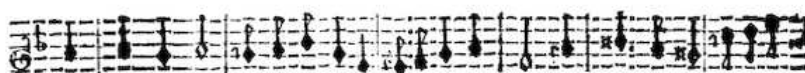
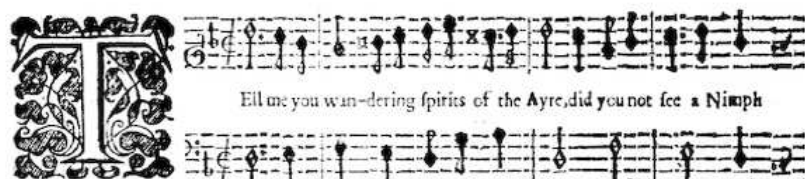
to fall, I might not love at all: Love that can flow and can admit encrease, admits as well an



ch, and may grow lesse.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

True love is still the same
The Torrid Zones,
And those more frigid ones
It must not know:
For love grown cold, or hot
Is lust and friendship, not
The thing we have, for that's a flame would dye,
Held down, or up too high;
Then think I love, more then I can expresse,
And would know more, could I but love thee lesse;



more bright, more faire then beauties darling or of parts more sweet then stolne content? if such a



one you next wait on her hourly where so e're she flies, and cry, and cry, *Amen* for her absence



dies.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

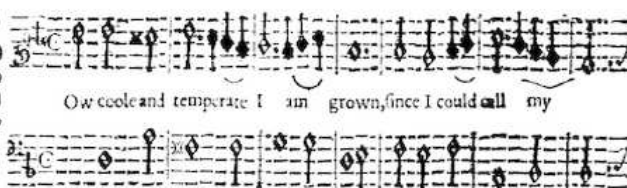
Go search the Vallies, pluck up every Rose,
You'll find a scent, a blush of her in those:
Fish, fish, for Pearle, or Corall, there you'll see
How orientall all her colours bee:
Go call the Echoes to your ayde, and cry,
Clarie, Clarie, for that's her name for whom I dy.

But stay a while, I have inform'd you ill,
Were she on earth, she had been with me still:
Go fly to Heaven, examine every Sphere,
And try what Star hath lately lighted there;
If any brighter then the Sun you see,
* Fall down, fall down, and worship it, for that is shee.

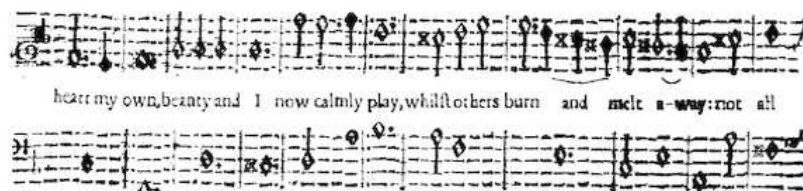


Clarie Clarie
Fall downe, fall downe, &c.

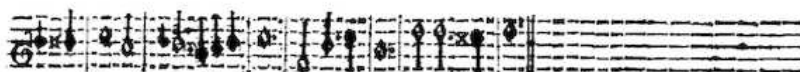




Ow coole and temperate I am grown, since I could call my



heart my own beauty and I now calmly play, whilst others burn and melt a-way: not all

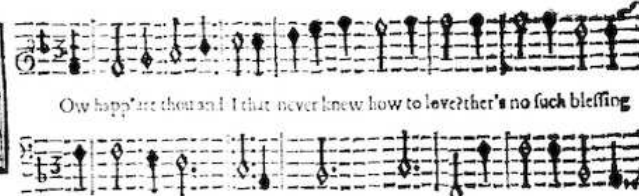


those wanton howes I have spent, can rob me of this new content:

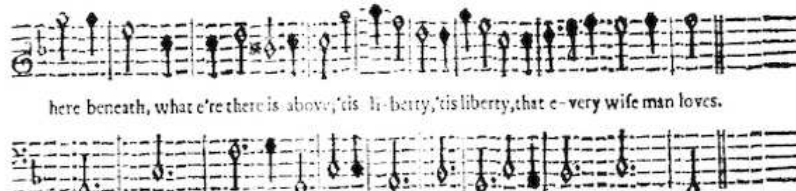
Mr. Henry Lawes.

Lowes mulls are scattered from my sight,
Which flattered me with new delight,
And now I see 'tis but a face
That stole my heart out of its place:
Then Love forgive me, I'll no more
Thine Altars or thy Shrine adore.

Farewell to all heart-breaking eyes,
Farewell each look that can surprise,
Farewell those Curles and amorous spels,
Farewell each place where Cupid dwells;
And farewell each bewitching smile,
I must enjoy my selfe a while.



Ow happy art thou and I that never knew how to love: there's no such blessing

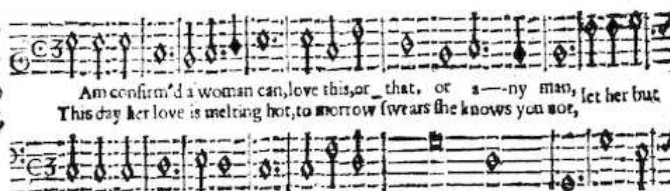


here beneath, what e're there is above, 'tis liberty, 'tis liberty, that e-very wife man loves.

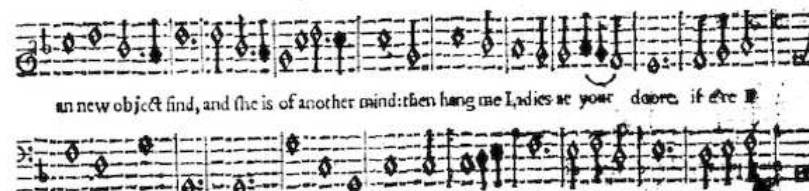
Mr. Henry Lawes.

Out, out upon those eyes, that think to murder mee,
And he's an Ass believes her fair, that is not kind and free:
There's nothing sweet, there's nothing sweet, to man, but liberty.

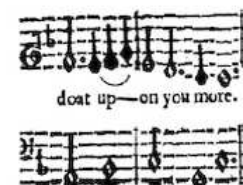
I'll tye my heart to none, nor yet confine mine eyes,
But I will play my game so well, I'll never want a prize:
'Tis liberty, 'tis liberty, he's made me now thus wife.



Am confirm'd a woman can, love this, or that, or a—ny man, let her but
This day her love is melting hot, to morrow swears she knows you not,



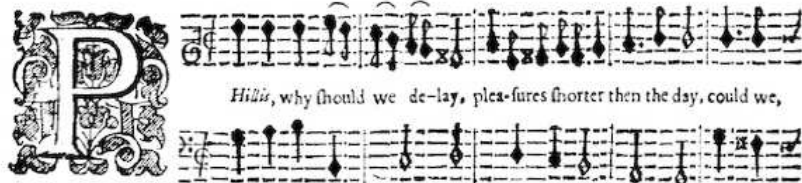
an new object find, and she is of another mind: then hang me Ladies at your doors, if ere I



Yet still I'll love the fair one, why?
For nothing but to please mine eye;
And so the fat and soft skin'd Dame
I'll flatter to appease my flame;
For her that's muscally I long,
When I am sad to sing a Song:
But hang me Ladies, &c.

I'll give my fancy leave to range
Through every face to find out change;
The black, the brawn, the fair shall be
But objects of varietie:
I'll court you all to serve my turn,
But with such flames as shall not burn:
For hang me Ladies, &c.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



Or would Youth and Beauty stay,
Love ha's wings, and will away;
Love ha's swifter wings then Time;
Change in love too oft do's chime;
Gods that never change their state,
Very oft their love and hate.

Philis, to this truth we owe
All the love betwixt us now;
Let not you and I require
What ha's been our past desire;
On what Shepheards you have smil'd,
Or what Nymphs I have beguil'd.

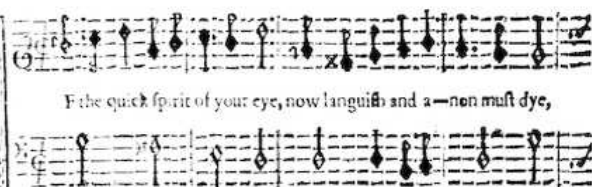


Leave it to the Planets two, what we shall here-after doe, for the joy we now

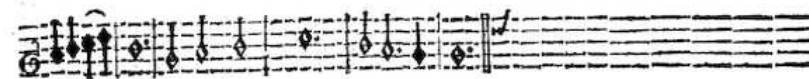


may prove, take ad-vice of presents love.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



if every sweet and every grace must flye from that for-sa-ken face. Then *Celia* let us resp



our joyes, ere time such good—ly fruit destroyes.



Or if that Golden Fleece must grow, for ever free from aged Snow,
If those bright Suns must know no shade, nor your fresh Beauty ever fade;
Then *Celia* feare not to bestow,
What still being gather'd, still must grow.



Thus either time his fiedle brings in vaine, or else in vain his wings.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



Little love serves my turn, 'tis so en-flaming, rather then I will burn,
Beauty shall court it selfe, 'tis not worth speaking, Ile no more Amo-rous



I will leave ga-ming, for when I think upon't, O'tis so painfull, 'cause Ladies have a
pangs, no more heart-breaking: those that ne'r felt the smart, let them go try it, I have redeem'd my



trick, to be disdainfull. No more, no more, I must give o're, for beauty is so sweet, it makes me
heart, now I de-sire it.



pine, distracts my mind, & surfeit when I see't. Forgive me love if I remove in—to some o-



-ther sheat, where I may keep a flock of sheep, & know no o-ther care. Mr. Henry Lawes.



Let us, farewell, I now must go, for if with thee I here doe stay,



thine eyes prevaile up-on me so, I shal grow blind and lose my way.



Fame of thy Beauty, and thy Youth
Among the rest me rather brought,
Finding this fame full short of truth,
Made me stay longer then I thought.
For I'm engag'd by word and oath
A servant to anothers will;
Yet for thy love would forfeit both,
Could I be sure to keep it still.
But what assurance can I take,
When thou fore-knowing this abuse,
For some more worthy Lovers sake,
Mayst leave me with so just excuse.

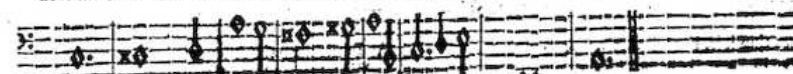
For thou mayst say 'twas not thy fault
That thou didst thus unconstant prove;
Thou wert by my example taught
To break thy oath, to mend thy love.
No Clara, no, I will return,
And raise thy story to that height,
That strangers shall at distance burn,
And the distrust me it probate.
Then shall my love this doubt displace,
And gain so h. trust, that I may come
And banquet sometimes on thy face,
But make my constant meales at home.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

Let not thy beauty make thee proud though Prin-ces do a-

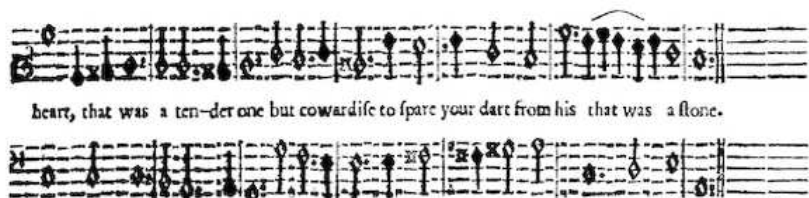
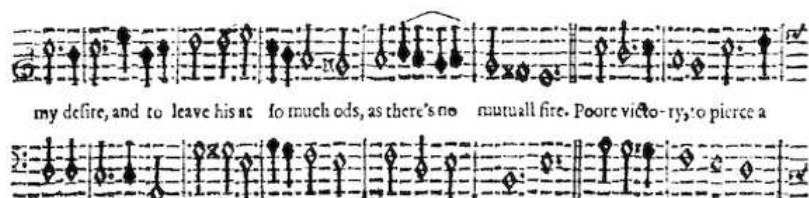
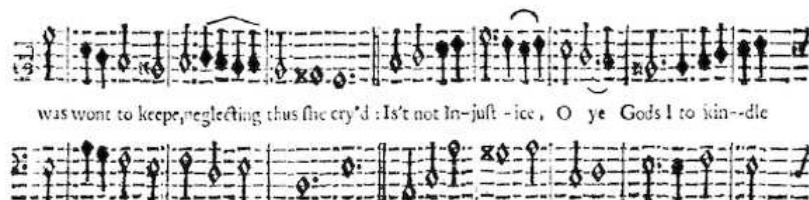


dore thee, since time and sickness were slow'd to mow fresh flowers before thee. Mr. Henry Lawes.



Not be not thy to that degree,
Thy friends may hardly know thee,
Not yet so coming or so free,
That every fly may blow thee.
A state in every Princely brow,
As decent is requir'd
Much more in thine, to whom they bow
By Beagles lightnings fir'd.

And yet a state so sweetly mixt
With an attractive mildness;
It may like Verue sit betwixt
The extremes of pride and vileness.
Then every eye that sees thy face
Will in thy Beauty glory,
And every tongue that wags will grace
Thy verue with a story.



Doctour Wilson.

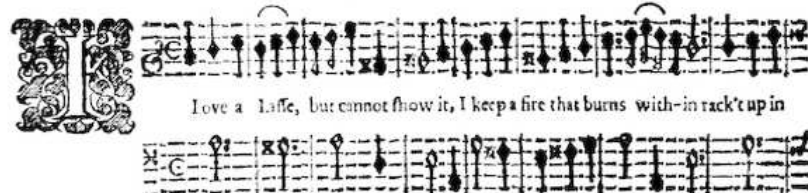
As she thus mourn'd, the tears that fell
Down from her love-sick eyes,
Did in the water drop and swell,
And into bubbles rise.

Wherein her blouard face appears,
Now out alas, sayd she,
How do I melt away in tears
For him that loves not me.

And thus in little drawn and drest
In sad tears attire,
May force such passions from his breast,
Shall equall my desire.

Yet as I lessen multiply,
But in lesse form appears,
Thus do I languish from mine,
And grow new in my tears.

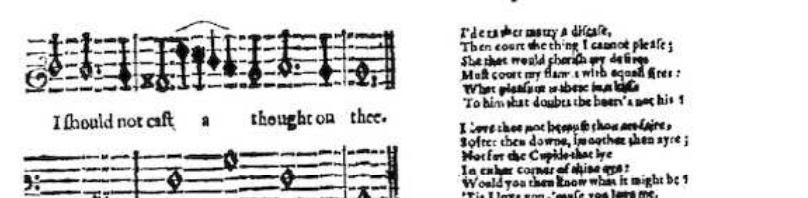
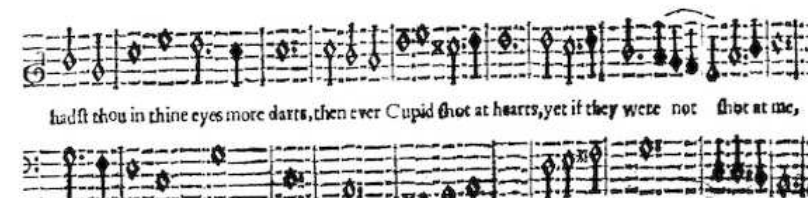
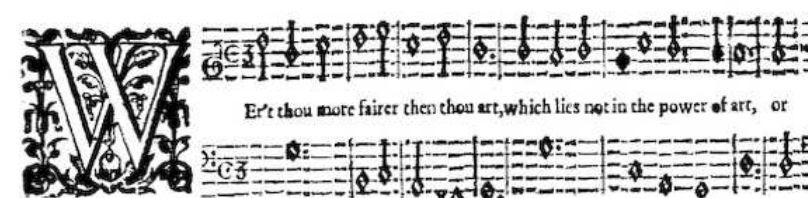
Break not that Chrifall, circles me
Sweet streams by your fair side,
My Love perhaps may walking be,
And I may be csp'd.



Some gentle courteous wind berry me,
A sigh by whispering in her eare,
Or let some pious shower convey me,
By dropping on her breast a tear,
Or two, or more, the hardned flint,
By silken drops recover a dunt.

Shall I then vex my heart and rend it,
That is already too too weak to
No, no, they say, Lovers may send it,
By writing what they cannot speake;
Go then my Mute, and let this Verse
Bring back my Lasse, or else my tearle.

Dr. Wilson.

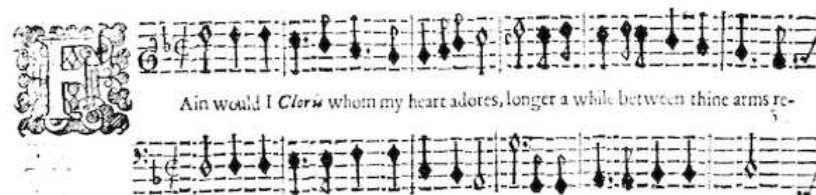


Dr. Wilson.

I'de rather marry a dillit,
Then court the thing I cannot please;
She that would shroud my desires
Must court my flame: a wild second fire:
Where passion is there is no life
To him that doubts the heart's not his.

I love thee not because thou art faire;
Softer then downe, smoother then ayre;
Nor for the Cupids shot by
In ename corners of mine eye:
Would you then know what it might be?
'Tis I love you, and you love me.

G 2



Ain would I *Cloris* whom my heart adores, longer a while between thine arms re-



main, but loe the jealous morn her Ro-sie doors to spight me op's & brings the day a-gain. Fare-



well, farewell, *Cloris*, 'tistime I d'd, the night de-parts, yet still my woes a-bide.

Dr. Wilson.

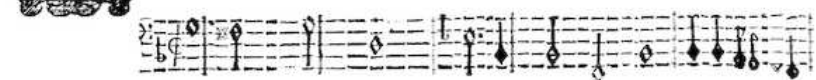


Hence saug' leaving Candles of the Skies,
Let us dance, we have no need of thee;
Our eye, and every way, where *Claris* shines,
Shine, that a pair of brighter Tapers bee.
Farewell, farewell, &c.

O'gin' whole table vaine was wont to be
More to end to Lovers, then the noisett day;
Wherefore, O wherefore do'st thou fly from me,
And carry with thee all my joys away?
Farewell, farewell, &c.



Ake, O take those lips a way, that so sweetly were forsworn, & those eyes that



break of days, light that do mislead the morn, but my kisses bring again seals of love though seals in vain.



Hide, O hide those Hills of Snow
That thy frozen Blossome beares;
On whose tops the Pinks that grow,
Ate yet of those that April weares;
But first set my poore heart free,
Bound in those icy Chaines by thee.

Dr. Wilson.



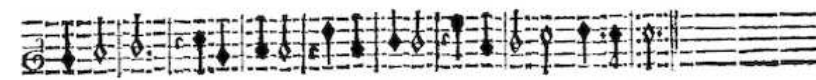
Ay that fallen Garland by thee, keepe it for th' *Elizium* shades, take my



wreath of luffy I-vy not of that faint Mirtle, made when I see thy soule descending, to that cold un-



fertile plain, of sad fools the lake attending, thou shalt weare this Crown a-gain. Now drink wine &



know the ods 'twixt that *Lethe*, 'twixt that *Lethe*, 'twixt that *Lethe*, and the Gods.



Mr. John Taylor.

Rouse thy dull and drowfie spirits,
Here's the soule reviving streams,
The stupid Lovers brain inherits
Nought but vaine and empty dreams.

Thinke not then these dismall trances,
Which our raptures can content.
The Lad that laughs, sings and dances,
Shall come soonest to his end.

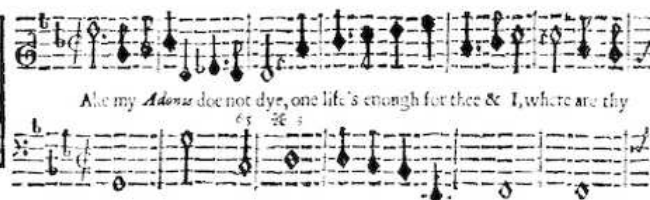
Cho. Sadnesse may some pity move,
Mirth and courage, mirth and courage;
Mirth and courage conquers love.

Fy then on that cloudy fore-head,
Ope thou vainly crossed armes;
Thou mayst as well call back the buried
As raise love by such like charmes.

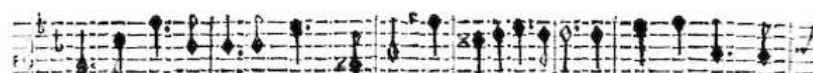
Sacrifice a glasse of Clarret
To each letter of her name;
Gods have oft descended for it,
Mortals must do more the same.

If she comes not at that flood,
Sleep will come, sleep will come;
Sleep will come, and that's as good.

H



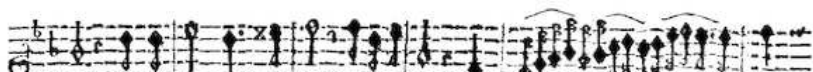
Alas my *Adonis* doe not dye, one life's enough for thee & I, where are thy



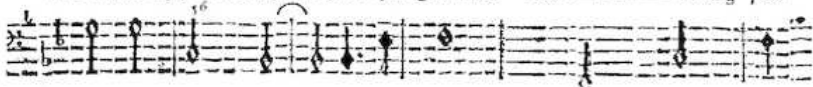
looks, thy wiles, thy fears, thy frowns, thy smiles, a—las in vain I call, one death hath snatcht them



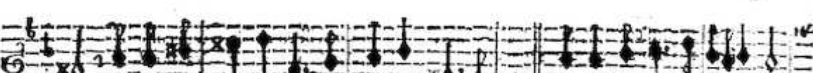
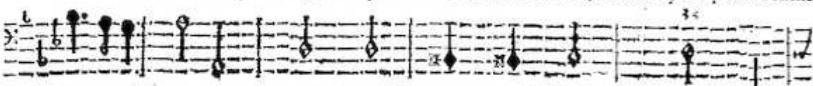
all, yet death's not deadly in that face, death in those looks it self hath grace, 'twas this, 'twas this, I



fear'd, when thy pale Ghost appear'd, this I preferr'd, when thou ———— do ring *Love*



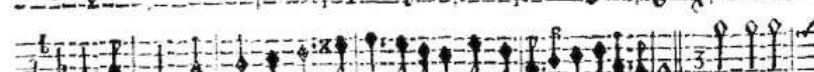
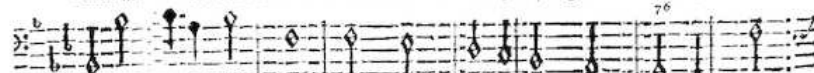
tore the best Mirtle in my Grove, when my sick rose buds lost their smell, & from my temples untoucht



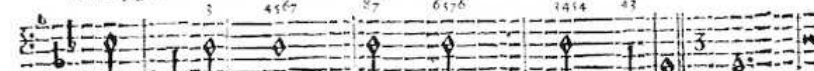
fell, and 'twas for some such thing, my Dove first hung her wing, Whither art thou my Deity gone?



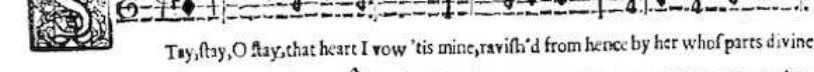
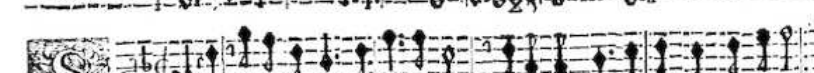
Venus in *Venus* there is none: in vain a Goddess now am I, only to grieve & not to dye: but I will



love my griefe: make tears my tears relieve, & sorrow shall to me a new *Adonis* be: And this the



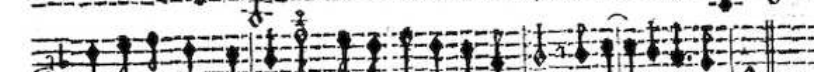
fates shan't rob me of whilst I a Goddess am to grieve, and not to dye. Dr. Colman.



Tay, stay, O stay, that heart I vow 'tis mine, ravish'd from hence by her whose parts divine,



words cannot fully speake, now seeks her cure, whose on-ly No, sent from her lips must cure,



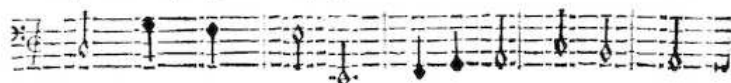
makes it thus range from me, woes me that No, left me that heart, and fills its place with wo.



O hold it fast, I come, yet let it fly,
I cannot move, tis pry backe the day,
Perhaps she may relent, and woe me yet
Give us a second life, treble our bliss:
If now, farewell my heart, I've pleas'd my eyes,
Since thou art lost, seee these her sacrifices.



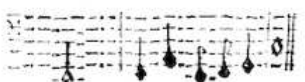
Hange Platonicks, change for flame, get your selves another name. This is but a thin def-



guise, and betray'd to common eyes: Dim and purblind though they be, your Philoso-phy they see is but



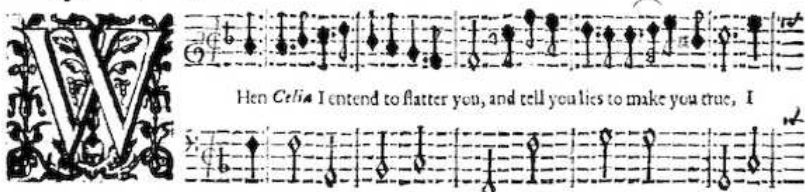
lay H, poe-sie, & a kind of Harle.



Please not allow'd a life,
Now he like fantastick mirth,
At the darts of Cy-Gall,
Whose Amorous Laughter
No's denies of that delight
Which a Ball presents at night
To appease you to what follows next,
Only you corrupt the Text.

Dr. Colman.

You must Flatter, flatter
All your wits on venting,
When indeed the truth is so,
To suppose that country is
Is a most Court Express,
You sit but yet most formerly
What your Sex was wont to do
Many hundred years ago.



Hen *Celia* I intend to flatter you, and tell you lies to make you true, I



I swear there's none so faire, there's none so faire, and you believe it too.

Dr. Colman.

Of have I matcht you with the Rose, and said
No twins so like both nature made,
But 'tis
Only in this, ---
You prick my hand and fade!

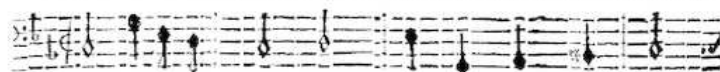
Of have I sayd there is no precious stone
But may be found in you alone;
Though I
No stone espy, ---
Unless your heart be one.

When I praise your skin I quote the wooll
That Silk-worms from their Entrails pull
And show
That new fallen snow, ---
Is not more beautifull.

Yet grow not proud by such Hyperboles
Were you as excellent as these
While I
Before you ly, ---
They might be had with ease.



Right *Aurelia* I doe owe, all the woe I can know, to those glorious looks a-lone, though



you are unrelenting flame, the quick lightning from your eyes, did sacrifice, my unwife, my un-



wary, harmles heart, and now you glory in my sinar.



How unjustly you do blame
That pure flame,
From you came,
Vext with what your selfe made burn,
Your scorn to tender did it turn.

The lead sparke now love can call,
That does fall
On the smould'ring,
Scorcht remainder of my heart,
Will make it burn in every part.

Dr. Char. Colman.



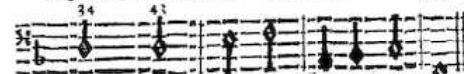
Ow am I chang'd from what I was before I saw those eyes? I had a heart, but now a-



las, that room is fill'd with sighs; for she that rob'd me, would not stay to let me ask her why she stol't or



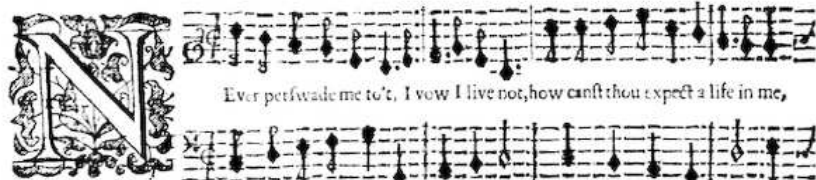
beg, she'd find some way this theft with hers t'supply.



Thus am I left to court my griefe,
For when she's out of sight,
There can on earth be no reliefe,
Or ought that's true delight.

I'll therefore on some R'ser side,
Wander to breake my woe,
And ask those Murphs how *Hyla* dy'd,
That I might do so too.

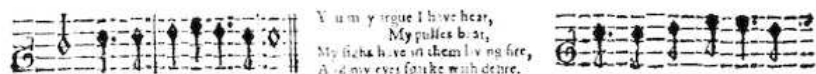
Dr. Colman.



Ever persuade me to't, I vow I live not, how canst thou expect a life in me,

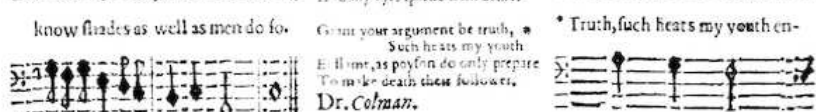


since my soule is fled to thee You suppose because I walk, & you think talk, I therefore breath, alas you

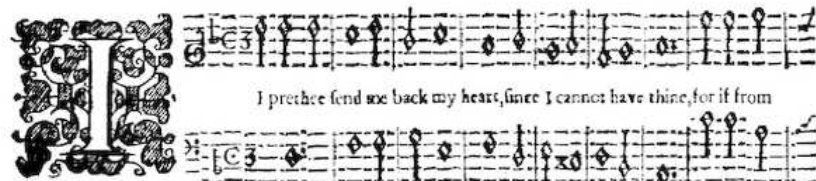
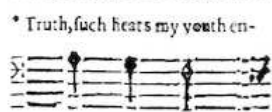


know shades as well as men do fo.

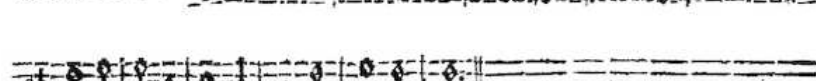
You my argue I have hear,
My pulses beat,
My sight have in them living fire,
And my eyes sparkle with desire.



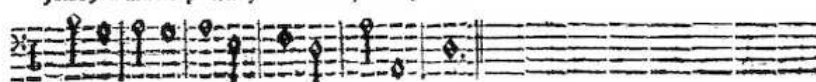
Count your argument be truth,
Such heat as my youth
Ere long, as payson do only prepare
To make death their follower.
Dr. Colman.



I prethee send me back my heart, since I cannot have thine, for if from



yours you will not part, why then should you keep mine?

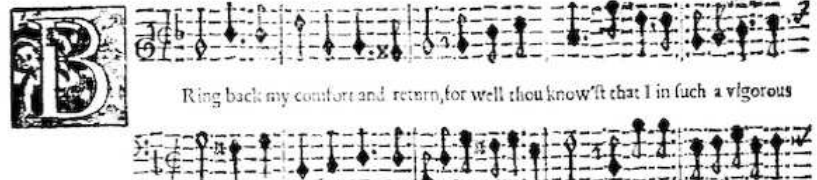


Yet now I think on't let it lye
To send it me were vaine,
For th'halt a thiefe in either eye
Will steal it back againe.

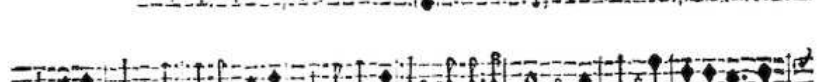
Why should two hearts in one breast lye,
And yet not lodge together?
O Love! where is thy sympathy,
If thus our hearts thus sever?

But love is such a mystery,
I cannot finde it out,
For when I think I'm best resolv'd,
I then am most in doubt.

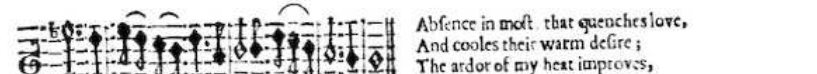
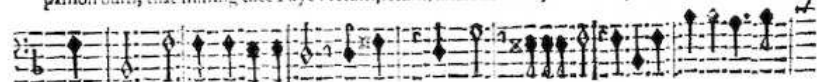
Then farewell care, and farewell woe,
I will no longer pine,
But I believe I have her heart,
As much as she hath mine.



Ring back my comfort and return, for well thou know'st that I in such a vigorous



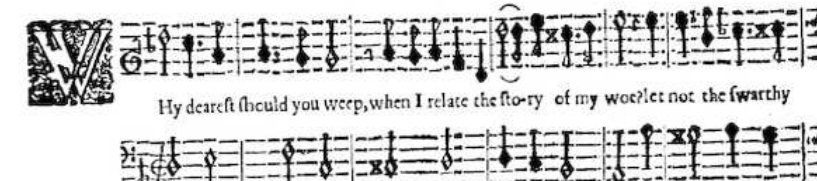
passion burn, that missing thee I dye: return, return, insult no more, return, return, and me re-



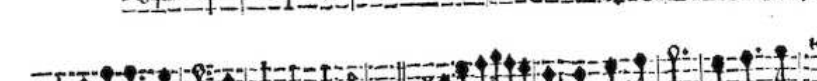
store to those sequestred joys I had before.

Absence in most that quenches love,
And cooles their warm desire;
The ardor of my heat improves,
And makes the flame aspire:
The maxim therefore I deny,
And tearm it though a tyranny,
The Nurse to Faith, to Love, to Constancy.

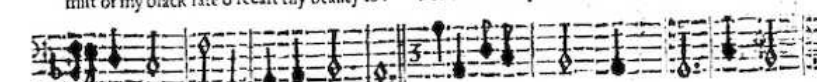
Edward Colman.



Hy dearest should you weep, when I relate the story of my woe? let not the swarthy



mist of my black fate o'recast thy beauty fo: For each rich pearle lost on that score adds to mis-



chance and wounds, and wounds your servant more.

Quench not those flames that in my blis should guide;
O let that pious reverie
Nor let this drops upon my deluge tide
To drown thy beauty there,
That cloud of sorrow makes it night,
You lose your Luster, but the World its Light.

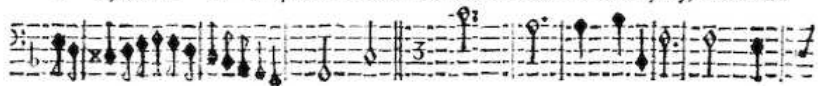
Edward Colman.



Ince love hath in thine & mine eye kindled a ho-ly flame, what pi-ty 'twere to let



it dye, what fin to quench the same. The stars that seem ex-tinct by day, disclose their



flames at night, & in a fable fence convey their loves in beams of light.

Dr. Wilson.

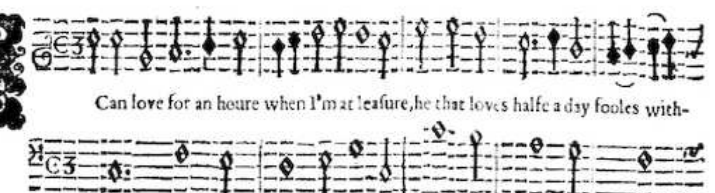


Se when the jealous eye a-d care
As that our sun's d'lar,
Our tongues our eyes may talk sans fear
Of being heard or spide.
What though our bodies cannot meet
Lovers fowls more diving,
The first stars by their twinkling greets
And yet they never joyne!

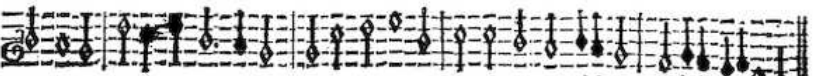
Tall Meteors that do change their place,
Though they shine fair and bright;
Yet when they cover so our faces,
Fall down and lose their light.

If thou perceive thy flame decay,
Come by his shine eyes at mine,
And when I feele mine wait away
I'll take new fire from thine.

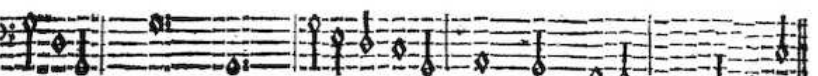
Thus while we still preterve from waste
The flame of our desire,
No Vesta's fault may on more chaffe,
Or more unmutual fire.



Can love for an heure when I'm at leasure, he that loves halfe a day foolles with-



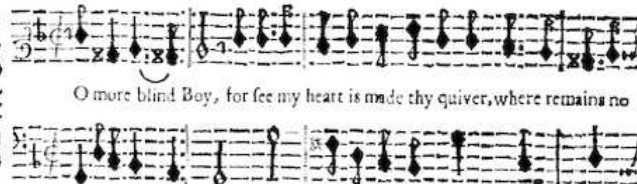
out measure: Cupid then tell me what art had thy mother, to make men love one face more then an-other?



Some to be thought more wise dayly endeavour
To make the World believe they can love ever:
Ladies believe them nor, they'l but deceive you,
For when they have their ends, then they will leave you.

Men cannot see themselves on your sweet features,
They'l have variety of loving Creatures:
Too much of any thing sets them a cooling,
Though they can never do't, yet they'l be fooling.

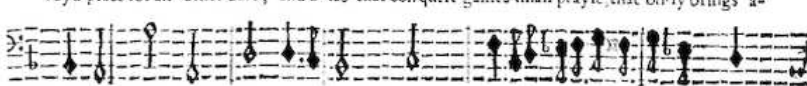
W. Lawes



O more blind Boy, for see my heart is made thy quiver, where remains no



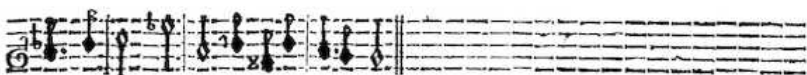
voyd place for an-other dart; and a-las that conquest gaines small prayse, that on-ly brings a-



way a tame and un-refusing pray: behold a noble Foe all arm'd, desires thy weake Ar-till-le-ry,

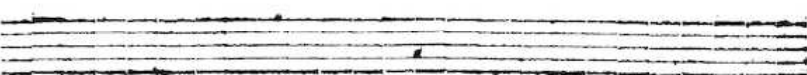
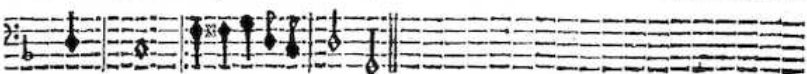


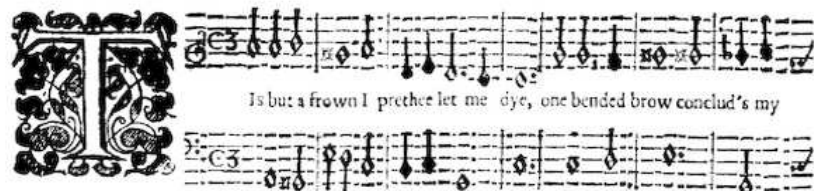
that hath thy bow and quiver charm'd, a Rebell Beauty conqu'ring thee, if thou dar't e-quall



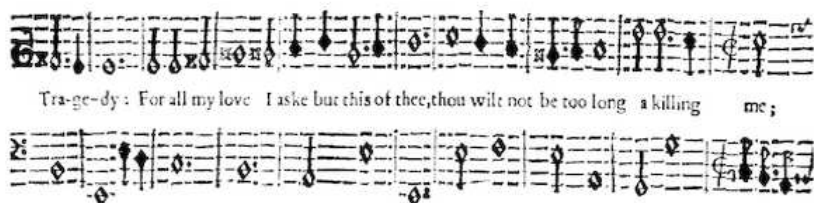
combate try, wound her, for 'tis for her I dye.

Mr. Jeremy Savill.

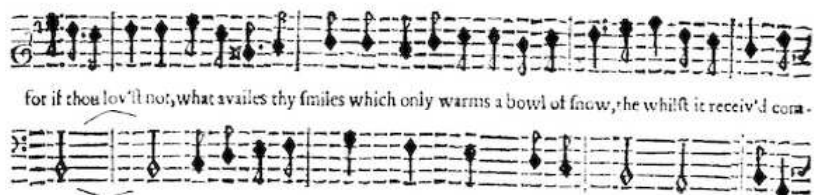




Is but a frown I prethee let me dye, one bended brow conclud's my



Tra-ge-dy: For all my love I aske but this of thee, thou wilt not be too long a killing me;



for if thou lov'st not, what avails thy smiles which only warms a bowl of snow, he whilst it receiv'd cora-

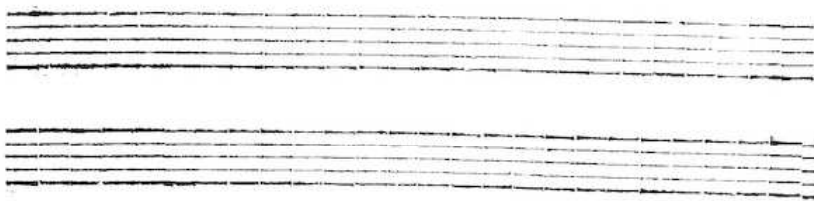


fort from thine eyes, that selfe same comfort melts away and dies? so in the end thy frowns and

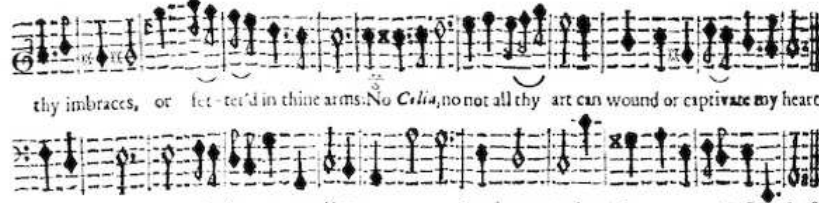


smiles are one, and differ but in ex-e-cu-ti-on.

Mr. Jeremy Savill.



wil not trust thy tempting graces, nor thy deceitful charms, nor pris'ner be to

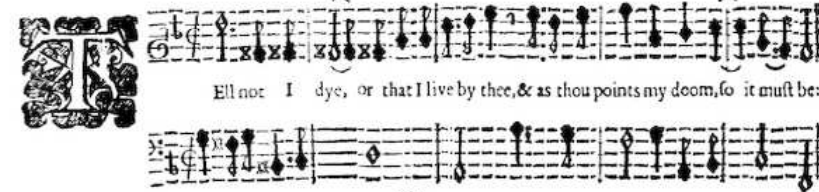


thy imbraces, or fet-ter'd in thine arms. No Celia, no nor all thy art can wound or captivate my heart

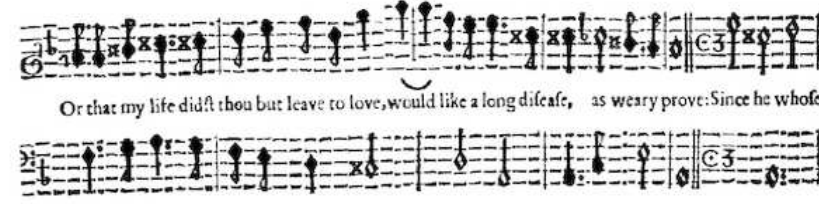
I will weare upon thine eyes,
Nor wanton with thy haire,
Lest thole should burne me by surprise,
Or thole my soule leave:
Nor will thole liming dangers play,
Or foole my liberty away.

Since then my weary heart is free,
And unconfin'd at home;
If thou wouldst mine the old captive bee,
Thou must thine owne refigne;
And Gratitude shall thus move more
Then Love or Beauty could before.

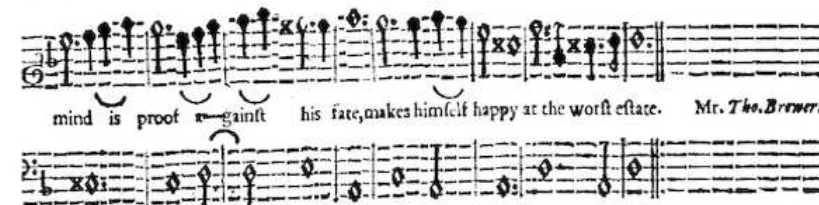
Mr. Jeremy Savill.



Ell not I dye, or that I live by thee, & as thou points my doom, so it must be:



Or that my life didst thou but leave to love, would like a long disease, as weary prove: Since he whose



mind is proof e-against his fate, makes himself happy at the worst estate. Mr. Tho. Brewer.

'Tis vanity for a man to build his blisse
On the frail favour of a womans kisse,
And most usually to enbrall his eye,
When Heaven and Nature gives in liberty:
Since Womens Fancies with their fadious change,
To love for fashion to each face that's strange.

He that hath wealth, and can that wealth for-goe,
Is his own man, nor slave to any woe;
Thou art not with resolution, I am free,
Stillo' remember of my deliv'ry:
Yet know I love, though I see leave the place,
He best knows how to love, knows how to leave.

I know the humour of your Sex is such,
You ne'r could value any one thing much;
For should thy breast with coollas flames be fir'd,
I were more then I expected, although desir'd:
Then think me not to fond, although I love,
But as thou leav'st thy courtie, so must I shall move.



FINIS.

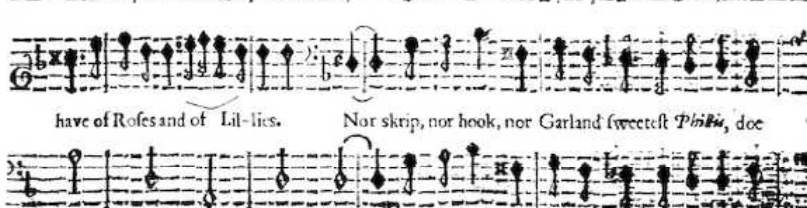
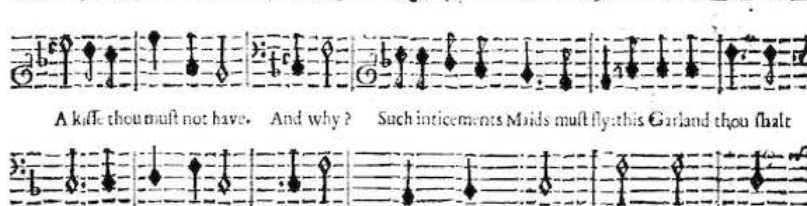
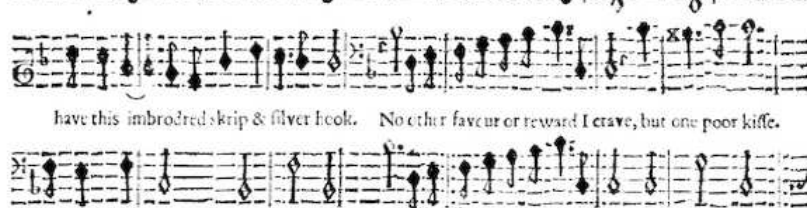
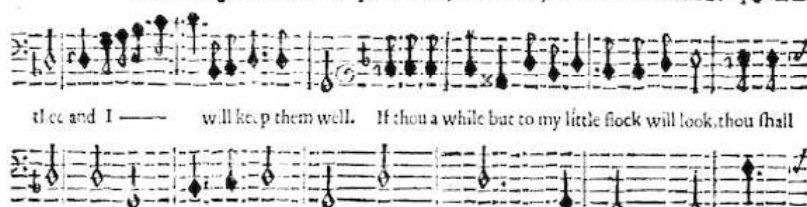
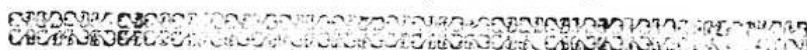


The Second Booke,

Containing

PASTORALL DIALOGUES

For two Voyces to sing to an Instrument.



K 2